



**The Coachman's Craze.**  
(Puck.)

Coachman (to millionaire)—"Well, the situation don't suit; the ladies are not quite my style."

He forgot the main feature.  
(Arkansas Traveler.)

The other day while Major Dredge was sitting in his doorway the gate opened and a strange looking man hastily approached.

"Is this Major Dredge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of the Eighth Arkansas during the war?"

"Yes," beginning to look with interest at the stranger.

"Don't you remember me, Major?"

"No, I can't place you."

"Take a look at me," showing back his hat.

"Don't remember that I ever saw you before."

"I am Hank Parsons!" exclaimed the man, bracing himself as though he expected the major to rush into his arms.

"Don't recall the name," said the major.

"Is it possible? I did not think you would ever forget me. I'll refresh your memory."

At Shiloh, while the battle was raging in murderous fury, I found you lying on the field shot through both legs. I took you on my back and carried you to a spring in the shade. Now, don't you remember?"

"Let me see," mused the major. "I remember having been wounded; but I can't recall the fact, if it be a fact, of any one taking me to a spring."

"This is, indeed, strange," said the disappointed man. "I looked forward to meeting you with such anticipations of a warm greeting. Well, well, the world has indeed reached its ungrateful age. The occurrence is as fresh to my mind as though it had taken place yesterday. I gave you a drink of whisky and—"

"What?" exclaimed the major, springing to his feet. "Gave me a drink of whisky?"

Oh, yes, I remember now," seizing the man's hand. "Oh, I'll never forget that drink!"

The whisky was so new that corn meal was floating out of it, but we enjoyed it. Remember you! Why, I should care. Why didn't you guard against possible embarrassments by mentioning some of the main features of the occurrence?"

A Bachelor, and inexperienced.  
(Philadelphia Call.)



**A Bachelor, and inexperienced.**  
(Philadelphia Call.)

Chatty Old Bachelor: "There's a most remarkable likeness between those two children, nurse."

Nurse: "Yes, sir. Twins, sir?"

Old Bachelor: "What, both of 'em?"

Honesty in the Lime Kiln Club.  
(Detroit Free Press.)



**Honesty in the Lime Kiln Club.**  
(Detroit Free Press.)

THE LIME KILN CLUB'S TREASURER.

For a quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner seemed to be puzzled over the contents of a letter, and when the triangle sounded, arose and said:

"Cash am a communications from de treasurer department in which de question am axed if our treasurer can git away wid am good fund, and if not why not. I am also in receipt of several of der letters kindly holdin' out de warnin' that dis am de age of our untimely, an' dat we should have an eye on de person who carries de key to our cash-box."

"Eber since dis club had its first nickel in de treasury I hev recognized two fundamental facts. 1. De man who don't git a chance to steal am obligated to be honest. 2. De man who am thoroughly honest won't object to sartin' restrictions. Dar nuber has been an' nuber will be a time when our treasurer kin lay his hands on 'nuff money to pay his fare fifty miles by rail. While we respect him we remove all temptation. While we have confidence in his integrity we feel dat he am but human arter all. For the satisfaction of de members of the club an' de friendly public I make dis a explanation."

Advice from an Adopted Uncle.  
(Puck.)

Anastasia Euphrosyne Jane, joy of my heart, daughter of my soul, I have somewhat to say to you. Your rosy ear is resting on your rosy palm. Lift it, and hear the words of wisdom which your uncle will pour forth.

You have come back from the seashore; from three long months of riding and rowing and swimming and lawn tennis. You have had what you love to call a good time, and you are naturally sorry that it is over. But there is a deeper sadness in your heart than natural sorrow will account for.

It is that athletic young fellow in his junior year at Harvard, who won the tennis championships with you, down at the seashore. He is what's the matter? You are perfectly certain that he is back at Harvard, forgetting you. And you are probably quite right. And you can't force him. And so you must go through all the winter's revelry with that dull pain at your heart. Oh, no, I don't at all deny that you are in love, and I am willing to admit that he plays tennis very well, and is a fair sort of a fellow, altogether. And I don't deny that you have got a dull pain at your heart, and that, by judicious "frustrating," you can make that dull pain rest upon the winter. But

don't do it, Anastasia Euphrosyne Jane. It won't pay. A dull pain at the heart inevitably brings on dyspepsia.

And then, bless your soul, what's the use? You aren't in love with him, do you know? You are in love with the happy summer with a thousand pleasant memories with which his white flannel image has changed to get entangled.

I've been there, my girl. Many years ago, when Long Branch was rustic, I wooed a maid on the September sands. She hung her gentle head, but she rejected me. We are now glad she did; both of us. She has married very well, and has a charming daughter. I, for my part, have had lots more fun than I should if she had accepted me. Our present divided felicity comes of not cherishing dull aches at the heart. Take pattern by us. I am your wise old mentor, and I have adopted you. She is your esteemed mother. Nay, never fear that your papa will be jealous. She was ten and I was eight. Euphrosyne, when we had that dull aching match by the sounding sea.

Burdette: Don't believe the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing; it was here first.

Bill Nye on Book Publishing.

"Amateur" writes me that he is about to publish a book, and asks me if I will be kind enough to suggest some good, reliable publisher for him.

This would suggest that "Amateur" wishes to confer his book on some deserving publisher with a view to lauding him up and pouring a golden stream of wealth into his pockets. "Amateur" already, in his mind's eye, sees the eager millions of readers knocking each other down and trampling upon one another in the mad rush for his book.

In my mind, I see his eye, lighted up with hope, and, though he lives in New Jersey, I fancy I can hear his quickened breath as his Locomotive.

PUBLISHERS' OFFICE

To confer his book on some deserving publisher. Evidently he has never published a book. There is a good deal of fun ahead of him that he does not wot of. I used to think that when I got the last page of my book ready for press, the front yard would be full of publishers tramping down the velvet lawn and the meek-eyed pansies in their crazy efforts to get hold of the manuscript, but when I had written the last word of my first volume of soul-chirp, and had opened the easement to look out on the howling, hungry mob of publishers, with check-books in one hand and a pillow-case full of seeds in the other, I was a little puzzled to notice the abrupt and unbecoming manner in which they were not there.

Opened the easement to look out on the howling mob of publishers.

All of us have to struggle before we can catch the eye of the publisher. Milton didn't get one-fiftieth as much for "Paradise Lost" as I got for my first book, and yet you will find people to-day who claim that if Milton had lived he could have knocked the socks off of me with one hand tied behind him. Recollect, however, that I am not here to open a discussion on this matter. Every one is entitled to his own opinion in relation to authors. People cannot agree on the relative merits of literature. Now, for instance, last summer I met a man every South Park, Col., who could spend a page after page on Shakespeare, and yet, when I asked him if he was familiar with the poems of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," he turned upon me a look of stolid vacancy, and admitted that he had never heard of her in his life.

After Seeing Him on the Stage.

(Puck.)

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Crates Standard Bacon.

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